

trace evidence





MOOD: @ accomplished

Still no Angry Kitteh sightings. But this morning, there were little muddy footprints on the white-painted windowsill of the window I left locked open four inches last night, and there was also gray and orange fur on the afghan that lives folded up in the dark corner behind the futon in summertime.

I think I had a squatter. Or at least an exploratory mission.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

<u>Poppets. Puppets. Poppet</u> <u>puppets. Scary.</u>

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